

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.
BLACK & WHITE.

BY J. DORGAN.

I STAND beside his lifeless form,
I gaze into his vacant eye,
His blood upon my hands is warm,
But no remorse is mine.

Why, what was he, that day by day
To tell his luxury should feed—
That he should dwell in bliss away,
And I should groan and bleed?

Child, if you will, the doom I deal!
But wrong can make the coward brave;
And weary out, as he has felt,
The patience of the slave.

It might make right, as he proclaimed
By word and deed through all his life,
Methinks my master had not blamed
The issue of our strife.

Fool, ask not how our quarrel rose!
A bitter blow—a blow—a threat—
And all our lives we had been foes—
And peace will forget.

If thou hast known a life like mine,
Then wouldest not marvel at his fate,
How corroded hearts confine
The secret of their hate.

Why, had he slain me, as he swore,
Justice had mourned, "It was well;"
I slew him, and it cries, "Prepare
The fires of hell and hell."

I half rejoice that now "I may"
Has given "I must be free"—remain,
And mine shall be, ere close of day,
The faggot and the chain!

Alway! away! to do or die!
Through field and wood! through swamp and flood!
Strange, that I am a freeman by
The baptism of his blood!

AN ENGLISHWOMAN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

This is but a slight narrative by a superficial observer, and yet it is an engrossing book. Will the events of succeeding centuries, we wonder, ever throw into the background this great crisis of modern history? will the thrill with which we listen to any and every fresh account of its marvels, ever grow weaker? At all events, the seventy years that have passed away since that awful "death-birth" of a nation, have done nothing towards effecting this. It still seems as if no amount of repetition could make this tale sound old in our ears. The most highly wrought novel would be lost in comparison with the plainest statement by *griseille* or *couleur*, St. Antoine workman or St. Germain aristocrat, of what they saw or suffered, endured or inflicted, in those portentous days.

Mrs. Elliott's narrative, drawn up at the desire of George III., and now published for the first time, is the more acceptable because she comments little on the causes of the "horrid French Revolution," as she invariably calls it. Evidently we should not get much insight from her in that way; but her personal experience is very welcome. Some anachronisms there may be, some confusion as to specific dates and names; but, on the whole, there is strong internal evidence of authenticity, and, as we before said, abundant interest in the journal of this fair and frail, light-minded, but kind-hearted woman+.

Married when a girl of fifteen to a man older than her own father, and in every way unsuited to her; gifted with a dangerous degree of beauty, and surrounded by admiration, the young wife's downward career began very early. When her journal opens, in 1789, we find she is living in Paris, vainly endeavoring to use her influence over the Duke of Orleans to detach him from the revolutionary party, and reconcile him to the court. She represents him as weak rather than wicked; a mere tool in the hands of men of stronger purpose; drifting, like many of his betters, towards an abyss which he never foresees. She speaks of him as naturally gentle, good-natured, generous; accounts for all his faults by his head having been turned by the "horrid Revolution," and appears to have mourned his degradation more deeply than her own.

To us, who look back from the catastrophe over the chain of events leading up to it, it seems wonderful that Mrs. Elliott should not have fled from Paris during the summer of 1792. Royalist as she was, she heard with horror and indignation of the incursion of sans culottins into the very Tuilleries on the 20th of June; but still she lingered in the devoted city till the 10th of August.

That morning, as she sat at her toilet, the cannonading broke in upon her, fearfully loud, for her house was near the palace. The terrible tidings soon reached her—St. Antoine and St. Marceau had risen, were pouring down upon the Tuilleries—the royal family had fled for protection to the Assembly. The Swiss guards were falling fast at their post, resolved not to desert them, though they were themselves deserted. Mrs. Elliott would now have gladly moved to her house at Mondon, but the barriers were shut; no one must leave Paris that day!

In the evening, her maid reminded her of a certain faithful ex-porter of hers, now occupying a small house and garden behind the Invalides, close to which, he had been heard to say, there is a breach in the wall, made by smugglers, and to be scrambled over without much difficulty. Accordingly, at nine o'clock, Mrs. Elliott walks to the corner, gets safely over the wall, crosses the plains of Vaugirard in the dark, fearing to look behind her, fancying footsteps followed, and reached her house at Mondon almost senseless, with bleeding feet, her shoes having been of white silk, and the road very stony.

There she remained, keeping as quiet as possible, till the dreadful 2d of September. That morning, a shabby-looking boy brought her a note from a friend, entreating her presence in Paris, where she might be of use to an unhappy person. Mrs. Elliott at once responded to the appeal. She procured a passport for herself and servant, got into a cabriolet calculated to hold two, and went off alone. Arrived at the Barrière Vaugirard, the soldiers expressed their surprise that she should wish to enter Paris at such a time, and told her of the massacres then going on at the prisons, and of streets running blood; still the brave woman persisted in going on, bent on saving, though she knew not whom. Arrived at her friend's house, she found, to her surprise, that the endangered person was the Marquis de Chancenets, late governor of the Tuilleries.

What we poor human beings can endure and live! This unfortunate man, left in the palace when the royal family fled, on the 10th of August, only too well-known and unpopular by virtue of his office, escaped the rush of the mob by throwing himself out of a low window into the garden, which was already heaped with the bodies of the faithful Swiss. There he lay for hours among the dead and wounded, not daring to move. The weather was very hot, the bodies decomposed rapidly; but still the living lay quietly there! In the evening, one of the national guard, looking for some friend of his among the ghastly heap, found and recognized the Marquis de Chancenets, and then made his escape by the Place du Carrousel; but exhausted by the sufferings of the day, he could go no further than the Rue de l'Échelle. A poor woman, supposing him to be a tired soldier, asked him in. To her he gave himself out as an Englishman led by curiosity to the palace, and there ill-used by the mob. Before the woman could give him the crust and drop of brandy for which he asked, her husband, a furious Jacobin, returned from his day's work of murdering the Swiss soldiers. She had just time to hide Chancenets behind a press, to stop her husband at the door, send him off under some pretext, and then to silently push her dangerous visitor out into the street. The next place he crawled to was the English ambassador's. There he saw the secretary, who was kind to him, and lent him clothes; but there was no shelter for him there, every one being prohibited, on pain of death, from harboring any who had been in the king in the Tuilleries. By this time it was late, and he knew not in the least in what direction to go.

At length, he recoupled having met an English lady at the Rue d'Ancre, and to her quiet lodgings in the Rue de Mrs. Elliott's, and to her quiet lodgings in the Rue de l'Ancre he betook himself, passing through by-streets as much as possible. The porter at the lodge asked his name. "Monsieur Smith for Madame Meyer." was the reply, and then Chancenets mounted the four flights of stairs, and frightened poor Madame Meyer not a little, for she had heard that he had been killed. In spite of the proclamation, neither this good woman nor her maid could bear the idea of turning out to perish a human being who had trusted them. They contrived to make the porter believe that he was gone away, and bid him for that night. But each following day matters grew worse: the royal family were sent to the Temple—domestic visits began. The search was nominally for arms, but woe if any aristocrat be found in the house! Poor Madame Meyer and her maid had to wrap their protégés in a blanket, and to hide him in a sick, till the dread visited were paid. But on the morning of the 2d September, the proclamation spoke of a search more than ever severe, to be made at different hours of the night. It seemed impossible to avoid the search.

That appeal to Mrs. Elliott's kindness which had brought me into Paris, to the surprise, as we have seen, of the very soldiers at the barrier.

We had no particular friendship for the late governor

of the Tuilleries; possibly, indeed, she had a different feeling, for he had behaved with some apparent ingratitude to the Duke of Orleans; but his situation deeply affected her, and she at once resolved to do all in her power to save him. To get him out of Paris, seemed obviously the best plan; but it was still too early to venture out in an open cabriolet. As soon as it grew quite dark, they set out to the Barrier of Vaugirard, where Mrs. Elliott showed her passport, expecting to be allowed to pass; but no!—no!—egregious that night, she was told, from any of the Paris barriers; and she was advised to go and get a bed as soon as possible, as at two o'clock the dominiary visits were to begin, and no carriages would then be allowed in the streets. Where were they to go? the driver naturally asked, and poor Mrs. Elliott did not well know what to say, fearing to go to her own house, her cook being a Jacobin, and fearing by her hesitation to excite the suspicion of the guard, who were less polite than in the morning. She fixed upon the Barrière de l'Enfer, with a faint hope of being allowed to pass thence to Mondon; but no!—no!—no! hope there either. "Drive, then, to the Allée des Invalides," said she, with a thought of her friend the ex-porter. When they got out of the cabriolet, Mrs. Elliott saw with dismay Chancenets unable to stand, and supported by the driver. With great presence of mind, she new into a pretended passion, and told the driver her servant was drunk. The man shrugged his sympathy, and drove off. The fugitives sat for two or three minutes at the foot of one of the trees, and the air reviving the unhappy Chancenets, he just contrived to stand. But where to go now? Turning up an avenue leading to her old servant's house, they saw troops at the further end, and patrols coming their way. Mrs. Elliott burst into tears, and her companion entreated her to give him up to the first patrol, thus saving her own life at least. The very idea of such a thing, however, never nerved her generous heart afresh. Not with the scaffold fall in view could she have abandoned him or any one in a similar plight: she would try another way. Turning round, they crossed the Pont Neuf, and reached the Champs Elysées in safety; but when there, they were no better off. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and only soldiers still lingered in the streets. Mrs. Elliott was close to her own house, but the bread of her Jacobin cook prevented her entering it. Chancenets, fainting with fatigue, again entreated her to give him up. Again she refused. She had undertaken to save him; she would have him, or else they would the together.

The next prison to which Mrs. Elliott was doomed was that of the Recollets at Versailles. Here her hardships were great indeed; but suffering seems to have brought out all the noble and tender feelings of her nature.

The subject of slaves is not more

and the faithful maid locked him in. The following day the Duke of Orleans paid a visit to Mrs. Elliott, who inclined to trust him with her secret, but would not take so important a step without consulting Chancenets, who well knew himself to be obnoxious to the duke. He, however, was strong in the conviction that he could clear himself of all charge of ingratitude, and thought that his best chance of deliverance would be to throw himself upon the duke's compassion. Accordingly, when the latter paid his visit on the morrow on the way to the Convention, Mrs. Elliott started him by disclosing the truth. He heard it with dismay, as probably involving her safety, but was unable to devise any means of getting Chancenets removed. Mrs. Elliott, therefore, had to conceal him till the barriers were opened, when she took him to her house at Mondon, and finally, had the satisfaction of seeing him set off in a mail-cart, the driver of which had agreed with the duke to take Chancenets to Boulogne, whence he got safely into England.

Mrs. Elliott's horror of the duke's conduct in voting for the death of his king, and near relative was intense, nor did she shrink from openly expressing it to him. Her sufferings were extreme, and their last interview was a very painful one. He was himself unable to procure her a passport, and could but advise her not to talk of England at that time, but to bear her misfortunes like other people, and to keep very quiet. Soon afterwards, she was herself arrested; and after examinations and remonstrances, with a short space of liberty, she was sent to the prison of St. Pelagie in the May of 1793. She did not stay there long; but she cannot say exactly how long, the change of the name of the month having, she said, so perplexed her as to the date of events. At St. Pelagie she made the acquaintance of the wretched Dubarry, and describes her as a very good-natured creature, telling anecdotes of Louis XV. and his court by him to give him up to the first patrol, thus saving her own life at least. The very idea of such a thing, however, never nerved her generous heart afresh. Not with the scaffold fall in view could she have abandoned him or any one in a similar plight: she would try another way. Turning round, they crossed the Pont Neuf, and reached the Champs Elysées in safety; but when there, they were no better off. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and only soldiers still lingered in the streets. Mrs. Elliott was close to her own house, but the bread of her Jacobin cook prevented her entering it. Chancenets, fainting with fatigue, again entreated her to give him up. Again she refused. She had undertaken to save him; she would have him, or else they would the together.

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cated to that Saint; nor of the Old Ducal Palace, the abode of a long line of Doges, with its hall of audience and its chambers of secret conclave, and summary judgment; that mysterious building from which issued that power which, under various names, for centuries was the government of Venice and her dependencies. I can not now describe to you the dark dungeons under that palace in which were confined, or secretly put to death, the real or suspected enemies of that jealous and vigilant tyranny; nor the Bridge of Sighs upon which I stood awhile and looked through the massive grating of the window, at which so many of the haters of oppression took leave of the light of day and the hope of life.

All these must be left until my return; and I must hurry you, as we were hurried, off to this very different but very beautiful capital of the Austrian Empire.

We took our departure, as I have said, on the morning of the 19th. Our gondola brought us and our baggage to the railroad depot, and after an hour's detention, while the passengers were examined, we started in a good car, upon an excellent railroad, to come round the head of the Adriatic Sea, to take the railroad from Trieste to Vienna. We came on the iron way about seventy miles to a town called Casarsa. We passed through a country abounding in vegetable wealth and the products of agricultural industry. But everywhere we met the engines and munitions of horrid war that is going to desolate God only knows, how many fields as fair as those we passed. Thous- and of soldiers were on their way, on foot, on horseback and in carriages of various sorts, to the arenas on which are to be contested the opposing claims of Austria and Piedmont. Much as I have long abhorred war, it appears to me more hateful than ever, now that I have had a nearer view of its impious desecration of humanity. Next to enslaving a man, the worst misuse that can be made of him, is to make him a soldier, to reduce him to a machine for shooting and stabbing fellow-beings. A soldier is little else than a machine. He is not allowed to have a will or a conscience of his own. He must obey orders, whether they seem to him right or wrong. Since I came to Europe, especially in the northern part of Italy, I have seen tens of thousands of men, most of them in the bloom of early manhood—none of them past the prime of life, going, or carried along the roads to kill others whom they have not yet seen, for cause about nothing, and in which they have no

They used to make the sunshines of summer days feel cold.

"But I tried hard to forget it and to think it could not be, For I was everything to them and they were all to me, And it seemed well-nigh impossible that any human heart

would be harsh enough to tear us all apart.

"They grew up and worked with me under the bright sun;

"Until I dared to look at them and think of them as mine.

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